

BECKER "HAD THE GOODS," HE SAYS, ON ROSENTHAL

Police Lieutenant Asserts He Had Obtained Damaging Statement From Dead Gambler's Wife and Would Have Been Cleared To-Day.

Lieut. Becker spent several hours at the scene of the murder to-day, going frequently to the West Forty-seventh street station. He said on leaving for Headquarters:

"The death of Rosenthal at this time is most unfortunate. To-day would have cleared up most of the charges against the police. In three days everything will be explained away."

"The whole thing was a piece of spite work. My superiors are not worrying me. The meeting with me at the Elks Club described by Rosenthal was true, most unfortunately. But that was not the first place I met him. The first time was at a ball and he stuck to me so close I could not get rid of him and had to leave much sooner than I expected."

Becker said he did not like to say anything against Rosenthal, now that he was dead, but that he had a 1,500 word affidavit signed yesterday by a former wife of the dead man at No. 151 East Twenty-seventh street. She is Mrs. Dora Gilbert, and her statement, Becker said, is very damaging to Rosenthal.

"GAMBLING KING'S" MURDER CLIMAX TO A DARING CAREER

Rosenthal Played With Fate Once Too Often, After Successfully Defying for Years Revenge of Gamesters and Attacks of Police Raiders.

Herman or "Hymie" Rosenthal, the "Gambling King of the East Side," led a life that was anything but placid. Almost since his boyhood he was associated with gambling halls and raids. Explosions and arrests became almost commonplace incidents in his vermillion career. His gambling places were raided scores of times by the police and he rode in patrol wagons equally as often. Three times bombs were exploded in his resorts of chance, but through it all Rosenthal went unscathed until his career was terminated early this morning.

Rosenthal was connected with the famous Hesper Club from its inception. The Hesper Club was known throughout New York as one in which some of the city's most prominent politicians and sporting men were members. It came into being at No. 111 Second avenue and was a veritable fortress, as raiding parties of police discovered on several occasions. The Hesper Club's annual masquerade ball was an event looked forward to in sporting circles. "Big Tim" and "Little Tim" and "Paddy" Sullivan were some of the names associated with the organization.

In April, 1911, the Hesper Club was raided by fifty policemen. It took half an hour's battering at the doors to gain entrance and then other iron-bound doors were encountered. It was one of the hardest clubs the police had ever been called upon to raid.

ROSENTHAL WAS MANY TIMES IN THE LIMELIGHT.

The Hesper Club closed its doors in June, 1911, without any excuse being offered. It was said the gamblers interested in the place had decided it was too well known to the police to run profitably any longer.

Rosenthal was interested, for a time, in the Red Haven Club, at No. 28 Seventh street. The place had been marked by the police for constant raids said to have been instituted by Commissioner Bingham. After one of these raids, Commissioner Bingham, in discharging the prisoners, remarked to the policeman: "Stick to your business of arresting burglars."

The limelight constantly being turned on "Hymie" Rosenthal during his career hit him with full force in March, 1910, when Charles J. Kohler of the firm of Kohler & Campbell, piano manufacturers, at Eleventh avenue and Fifth street, brought suit against him for \$5,000, alleging it was an unpaid bet on a horse race. Judge Pitcock, in the Supreme Court, instructed the jury to bring in a judgment for this amount against Rosenthal. Rosenthal took an appeal, on the ground that a wager on a horse race was illegal, and the Appellate Court upheld his contention. The suit was the result of Kohler's

having made a wager on a horse race, placing the money in Rosenthal's hands to bet. The horse won. Kohler received a check for \$5,000, but payment upon it was stopped by Rosenthal. A few days after the Appellate Court had upheld Rosenthal, he called Kohler up and invited him to lunch. During the meal, Rosenthal put his hand in his pocket and drew forth \$5,000, which he passed over to Kohler.

"SPANISH LOUIE" ROSENTHAL'S MOST POWERFUL HENCHMAN.

Rosenthal's action in doing this was heralded through the gaming world as an instance of his squeamishness as a gambler.

Rosenthal found himself in the public eye in March, 1909, when he was arrested and arraigned before Magistrate Krotel on a charge of operating a gambling game and of bribing a member of the District-Attorney's staff to give advance information of proposed official action.

For a long time during his gambling career on the lower East Side Rosenthal had as a henchman "Spanish Louie." "Spanish Louie" was a tower of strength. He liked nothing better than to butter his fellowmen into irresponsibility. Scores of men bore the marks of Louie's prowess. Rosenthal's possibilities in "Spanish Louie." It was a shame, he thought, to let such strength be expended needlessly, so he hired Louie as a doorman at his gambling hall.

Whenever a policeman sought to enter Rosenthal's place he was met by Louie. An ambulance call usually followed. Louie had the precinct fairly terrorized. Half a dozen policemen had been lured into the hallway of the gambling house and there pounded into a pulp. The story of Louie's prowess finally reached Commissioner Bingham, who summoned before him the Captain of the precinct and demanded to know why one man was starting off all the policemen and beating them up at will.

ROSENTHAL DIED AS HE HAD LIVED, ENDING VARIED CAREER.

Rosenthal did not confine his operations to the lower east side. In 1908 he ventured up into Harlem and secured an interest in the Gambling King of the West side. The men arrested in places conducted by Rosenthal ran up into the thousands. One day in October, 1908, his places at No. 18 Seventh street and No. 123 Second avenue were raided and 250 prisoners taken.

Since the raiding days nearabouts Rosenthal has seldom been seen in the daylight. He was a night hawk. He died this morning at his hour that he was well familiar with, an hour when the of the gaming world are widest awake.

Newspaper Man Dead.

William J. McLoughlin, a newspaper man, died yesterday at his home at No. 327 East One Hundred and Forty-fifth street after a lingering illness. Mr. McLoughlin was twenty-eight years of age and since he was fifteen years old had been connected with newspapers in this city. He started as an office boy with the Evening World, and later was assigned to "cover" the Bronx.

A Week's Review

It is well for business men and housewives to keep posted as regards the supply of and demand for positions, workers, homes, investments, bargains, etc. Last week there were printed:

- 12,490 World "Help Wanted" and "Situations Wanted" Ads.—More Than the Herald.
- 5,513 World "Summer Resorts" Ads.—More Than the Herald.
- 4,490 World "To Let" Ads.—More Than the Herald.
- 1,512 World "Real Estate" Ads.—More Than the Herald.
- 1,030 World "Business Opportunities" Ads.—More Than the Herald.
- Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

ANALYSIS OF THE NEW YORK JOHNNY

Policeman Prescribed for Mashers

Who Infest Streets to Annoy Women

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"WALK THE MASHER TO THE NEAREST POLICEMAN AND INTRODUCE HIM," WRITES "AN OLD BATCH."

"I WEAR A NORFOLK AND AN NOT EFFEMINATE WRITES 'A'."

"GIRLS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE 'MASHING'."

Book on Manners Recommended by "An Old Fashioned Male" for the Boors Who Render Themselves Repulsive by Vulgar Attire and Conduct at Beaches and Elsewhere.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

That formidable yet pathetic sound like the beating of a thousand goats is merely the New York man rising to answer the accusation put forth by his sister woman that he wears effeminate clothes, is hypocritical in his attitude and relation to the other sex and that he is devoted to increasing numbers to the deplorable practice of the street masher.

We have travelled a long way from our original discussion of the dress-paint-and-powder problem. "You make your face up with powder and rouge. You wear Im-

Kluckerbocker Jr. to Miss New York"—or at least large number of hers of her admit it, "but I do it to please you. You praise Miss Shiny Nose, but you keep on taking Miss Paint-In-the-Face out to dinner. Don't be a hypocrite—you know you admire me the way I am."

HE EXPLAINS WHY WOMEN NEED A DRESSING.

And that's where we stand at present, or there we stood till the beating of the accused man began to come in. Here is a remark that woman, the smooth-coated member of the human race, is less in need of reform in her attire at the beaches than the rough-coated male who sports a one-piece bathing suit. He writes:

Dear Madam—It is really too bad that you, whose articles always impressed me as breathing a good bit of horse sense, should be so terribly shocked at the sight of the bathing rough-coated member of the human family. It only goes to prove what so-called culture is making of us. Feeling nauseated in facing nature!

A bathing man in a one-piece suit may, I fully agree with you, not offer the most æsthetic spectacle, but as long as we poor male mortals cannot take our plunge in an evening suit and our haberdashers do not furnish us a more artistic bathing outfit, I fear that your sensitiveness will have to stand it. Your discussion about the indecent and suggestive apparel of the present "smooth-coated generation," smooth by grace of paint and powder pot, has brought quite some sensible views, but alas! a lot of tommyrot, that has absolutely nothing to do with the impending question. The whole matter crystallizes itself in the following points:

The average American female of the middle classes, unburdened by too much sense of æsthetics or education, the matron at that undignified age between twenty-five and forty-five, wishes to look like sweet sixteen and selects her outfit from the latest costumes of some famous French couturier. Result: A caricature! Her dear little daughter of real sixteen, guided by the sordid tastes of her mother, will imitate these vile styles as closely as possible.

If men at the seashore choose to look like filthy hoboes, if they, crossing their legs in an ungentelemanly way, show an abundance of hairy, they will never cause any "sex-rabies," you may rest assured of that! They simply prove that they are hobs and ought to be



"WE CANNOT TAKE A PLUNGE IN EVENING CLOTHES," SAYS G. M. ALE."

CAR KILLS CHILD AFTER RESCUE BY NEIGHBOR'S BOY

Four-Year-Old Run Down in Making Second Effort to Cross Street to Mother.

have of "New York young men." Investigation will prove beyond doubt that the latter type is just the antithesis of your so-called "Broadway John." People, after reading some of your analyses of the New York Johnny, take it for granted that any one attired in the prevailing fashion is a "pestilent lady killer." So please try to make it plain that if a man does wear a high linen collar and a Norfolk suit, it does not necessarily follow that he is an effeminate masher.

A BACHELOR REPLIES TO THE LETTER OF MISS ALMA.

Dear Madam: The following is in answer to Miss Alma's letter in the Evening World:

Dear Miss Alma: I will not attempt to defend my sex, for I am a mere man, as you ladies are pleased to term us, and sympathize largely with you, but will say that if you are unfortunate enough to be invited out by a man not interested in art, music or literature, what harm is there in his telling you the story of his life which shows he must be somewhat interested in you to think you'll be interested; furthermore, if he tells you of his business and prosperity, it is another excellent sign of his intentions are serious, or soon will be.

"Home wasn't built in a day," you know; but if he speaks of his amours, of course that's decidedly out, and then you naturally couldn't be blamed for considering him an old roue, which in all probability he is or he wouldn't think of telling you such things. Referring to what you say of perfect strangers addressing you as "Hullo, sweet-heart," and asking permission to take you to dinner or walk with you, I think the best cure would be simply to consent and walk them up to the nearest policeman and introduce them to him, or threaten to do so, and I think you'd find these gay Lotharios would leave you strictly to your own ruminations in future. I can't suggest any cure for the corner lady killer unless it would be to note the particular corner where it happens, then ask some close friend (some man you've known from childhood, we'll say) to accompany you past that corner, and if there is any staring on the part of the lady killer, let your friend return it in a meaningful manner and I don't think they'll notice you in future, let alone say anything. A safe rule for men to observe would be to take their cues from the girl whom they happen to be with. If she acts like a lady, let them act like gentlemen, even though they aren't. For those that don't nothing need be said.

DIES FROM AUTO ACCIDENT.

Man Injured at Far Rockaway Sunday Succumbs in Hospital.

James Gaffney, forty-five years of age, a newsdealer of No. 379 Eighth avenue, Manhattan, died in St. Joseph's Hospital, Far Rockaway, early to-day. He was run down and injured on Sunday last by an automobile owned by James Tracey of Gibson street and Clinton place, Far Rockaway. The accident occurred at Mott and White avenues, the trolley terminal. Gaffney was injured about the head, hips and arms and suffered concussion of the brain, but it was thought he would pull through until internal injuries manifested themselves Monday night.

Little Elisa Badansky, four years old, of No. 414 1/2 East Tenth street, was left alone for a few minutes this morning while her mother went across the street to buy some groceries. The Badanskys came to East Tenth street from Boston only a month or so ago, and Elisa hasn't had much opportunity to know the other little girls who play between the pushcarts and ash barrels that fringe the curb of that somewhat crowded thoroughfare. So she was lonely and began to cry loudly for her mother to come back. But her mother only smiled and waved to her from the other side of the street.

"This was very provoking, and Elisa started to follow her mother; but before she had climbed from the curb Mrs. Bodinsky called out:

"Stay by the sidewalk, Elisa! Do you want to be run over?"

And as just at that minute a rumbling Eighth street cross-town car jarred past, Elisa shuddered with a delightful sense of danger narrowly escaped and retreated precipitately. For a time she enjoyed herself watching the pastimes of a group of boys who were playing "cat" on the sidewalk.

But even this amusement palled on her. She wanted her mother. With the usual forgetfulness of four years, her mother's admonitions had slipped from her memory. All she knew was that she was lonely and that her mother was upon the other side of the street.

Elisa clined gingerly down to the gutter, holding onto a pushcart wheel, for it was a descent perilous for her little fat legs. The clanging of a car going in the distance meant nothing to her, but Able Krumpert, who lives a couple of doors down from her, saw the danger and left the group of "cat" players. Able has little sisters of his own, he told The Evening World reporter.

"Hooray," he said, as he grabbed her by the waist and hoisted her back onto the sidewalk. "You want to look out. But car'll run over you."

But Elisa was not thankful to her rescuer. She pined up her mouth and began to cry. She wanted to cross the street to her mother; and, anyway, it didn't seem to her that the approaching car was so very near. Able admonished her again, and then returned



"THE HAIRS OF YOUR HEAD ARE NUMBERED."

There is a great deal of truth in the old saying, "vitality gives out. The hair begins to turn grey."

This is particularly unfortunate as we are all living in an age when to LOOK young means to fill the YOUNG and IMPERIAL positions. Old fogies go to the background. If you should begin to chalk down every day of your life, the exact number of hairs that turn grey, you would be surprised and soon learn that "The Grey Hairs of Promature Old Age" come on very quickly, if you neglect them.

Begin to count, and Use—

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"PUSH INQUIRY TO LIMIT," IS ORDER OF WHITMAN

Declares There Has Been Gambling All Along in New York—Rosenthal Was to Have Revealed Names To-Day in Corroboration

District-Attorney Whitman was greatly perturbed when seen at his home this morning a few minutes after he had returned from a personal investigation of the shooting.

"This is a terrible situation," he exclaimed. "And this is not the first time that complaining witnesses have been shot to death. It has got to stop. The killing of Rosenthal has practically knocked the props from under my investigation into the protection of gambling interests by the police, but I will endeavor to bring such facts before the Grand Jury as may warrant some action."

"At any rate, you may be certain that the shooting of Rosenthal will be thoroughly probed and extreme efforts taken to punish those guilty of his death. This shooting down of witnesses has got to stop in New York."

"As far as I can see at present, my hands are practically tied in continuing the investigation of Rosenthal's charges against the police. Under the law I am unable to go before the Grand Jury and tell of the revelations made to me by Rosenthal. And Rosenthal's wife, to whom he had told his story, cannot testify as to the sayings of a dead man."

"However, I will to-morrow summon before the Grand Jury Rosenthal's attorney and the attorney he said represented Lieut. Becker in the alleged deal for protection. I will also furnish the jury with such evidence as is permissible for me to have entered under the law. This is the best I can do, now that the complaining witness has been murdered."

"Rosenthal has been fearing for his life for several days, and to-day, so, but I scoffed at his fears. I am sorry now that I did. He and his wife were to meet me at my apartments this morning. Rosenthal was afraid to come to my office in the Criminal Court Building, for he said he would be killed. I believe him now, for there is no doubt that there are plenty of crooks around that building."

"Rosenthal was to meet me this morning and give to me the names of several men who would corroborate his story of his dealings with Lieut. Becker for police protection. He told me yesterday that he was going to inform the men first and then turn their names over to me. I believe that this was noted about and this fact resulted in the dastardly murder."

"Whoever instigated the killing of Rosenthal knew that his unsubstantiated charges were insufficient for me to bring any action. The fact that Rosenthal was going to turn over the names of these witnesses put another light on the case. Those concerned realized that something had to be done quick, and Rosenthal's slaying was the answer to the problem."

"I was informed of Rosenthal's death very shortly after the shooting, and at once went on a personal investigation. I had a lengthy talk with Mrs. Rosenthal this morning. Although she is nearly heartbroken over the killing of her husband, she went over the story he had told to me.

"The fact that she was able to do this under the circumstances is well worthy of consideration. New York is a wide-open town and there is plenty of gambling despite all statements to the contrary. I thought that with Rosenthal's

Presently he was deeply immersed in his game, and Elisa determined to venture the passage once more. She stepped down from her mother's pushcart and rolled out into the middle of the street.

"Clang-clank!" went the song of another car coming from the other direction. Elisa stopped in bewilderment. "Clang-clank!" The motorman yelled, and turned his face away as he frantically twisted brake and power lever. But it was too late. The car struck her, and she was hurled into the air, landing on her head. She was dead when she hit the ground.

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